

INSIDE

SPECIAL PULL-OUT ARISTIDE MASSACCESI FILMOGRAPHY AND REVIEWS OF EMANUELLE IN AMERICA, EMANUELLE'S REVENGE, TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM! PLUS THE SAVAGE EYE, TOMB OF TORTURE, SANGRE DE VIRGENES, TRAUMA, REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE, LOVE, AND MUCH MORE!

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ETC

**EUROPEAN
TRASH CINEMA**



EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA

Volume 2 Number 1 November 1990

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the first issue of a magazine devoted entirely to European genre films. It represents my passion for non-American cinema. Around 1983 I decided to give up entirely on the American film industry and devote all my viewing and writing time to Italian, Spanish, French, and German films from the 60's, 70's, and 80's. I haven't once regretted that decision. I guarantee you this journal has no interest in U.S. films and there will be no coverage of it in ETC.

Next issue will have a letters page, so I encourage everyone to write in and discuss ETC: both the magazine and the films it covers. Suggestions for future filmography subjects are also wanted. As for the contents of this issue, you'll notice reviews by both well known and not so well known writers. The one thing they do have in common is their appreciation for ETC. I hope in some small way this publication will let the power brokers in the video fold know that a small but fanatical group of folks would love to see more ETC released to video. I doubt we'll ever return to the glory days of the early 80's (when WIZARD, FORCE, and others were going strong), but if RCA/Columbia can release an Aristide Massaccesi ATOR film onto video in the 90's, perhaps others might follow.

ADIOS



EDITOR & FOUNDER:
CRAIG LEDBETTER
PUBLISHER: TOM WEISSER
LAY OUT & DESIGN :
TIM PAXTON, DAVE AND
HEIDI TODARELLO FOR
KRONOS PRODUCTIONS
CONTRIBUTORS :

STEVE BISSETTE
MARSHALL CRIST
KRIS GILPIN
DAVID KERNES
PAUL MERRITT
MICHAEL SECULA
P. JOE TORREZ

STEVE BOGDANY
JEFF DOWING
RICHARD GIFFIN
JOHN MARTIN
DALE PIERCE
JOHN THOMAS
CONRAD WERNER

SPECIAL THANKS :

JANICE
MAX DELLA MORA
SIMON SMITH
TOM WEISSER

MIKE FERGUSON
MICHAEL SECULA
DAVE TODARELLO

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DEADLY OBSESSION

DIRECTED BY LUCIO FULCI
REVIEWED BY KRIS GILPIN

This title was inserted onto the video on this recent skin flick by the infamous Lucio Fulci and, as usual, he's much more interested in presenting titillation than a coherent storyline. I ain't complaining, mind you, but I've never understood the extolment of his film's virtues (past the fun gore) but, of course, that's just me.

We start with a Cutie Pie (Blanca Marsillach) accompanying her guy/cad to his recording session; during a solo he sticks his sax up her crotch (she gets off on it), so we're given full female nudity in the first minute of film (this vid has an unreted warning on it). For some reason, this beauty sticks with this prick, though he treats her like shit throughout his scenes. We then see more nudity as a married doctor screws around with one of his patients; he paints nail polish on her labia majors (she gets off on it). Cut back to the girl & her cad; he makes her beat him off during a fast motorcycle ride; she gets off on it ("Oh, Johnny, I love you. You're such a nut"). He takes her home where he forces anal penetration on the staircase (she . . . well, do I have to say it?). Eventually—finally—this guy cracks his skull on a rock during a bike accident and the doctor, upset from a fight with his wife, kills the creep on the operating table. Doc's wife is played by Corinne (THE STORY OF O) Clery; it's sad to see her look older but she still has a comely body (Sorry if I sound like a pig, ladies, but this is strictly a cheuvinistic flick. She tells her hubby, "I'm sick of being respected. Treat me like a whore!"). Cutie Pie rightly blames the doc,

then goes home to watch sex tapes of her and Creepy.

Cutie then begins to flip out and harass the doctor (who has a problem with premature ejaculation) by calling him and drowning. "Why did you let him die?" She then kidnaps him, ties him up at her place, takes an axe to his car and beats on him. By that point of course, it's time for more epidermal action, so she points the home-movie camera at herself and masturbates. Time to feed the dog, which she does naked in front of her captive (who's chained up)—she offers him some, too, and makes him eat it. Then, for a change, Fulci pads some time out with her flashbacks and fantasies of Johnny Fever, until the flick limps (not really the right word there) along to a



conclusion so dramatic I can't recall it. Lucio's name is fourth in the list of writing credits (oh, please) and, as a psychological sex suspenser (down to its **FATAL ATTRACTION**-np off title), it's got tons o' lovely nudity in it.

"Yes, but is it a good film?" you scream.

Well, what do you think? It's a Lucio Fulci flick.

CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND

DIRECTED BY ALFRED VOHRER
REVIEWED BY RICHARD GREEN

A total obscurity from 1967, this poorly directed jumble is notable only for the inspired casting of the great Klaus Kinski as identical twins, one of which is a psychopath. If you read his incredible autobiography **ALL I NEED IS LOVE**, you'll see it was appropriate casting, too!

Produced in West Germany, **CREATURE** is based on a novel by the gothic/pulp author Edgar Wallace and directed by Alfred Vohrer, who directed a total of 14 films in this series.

The film starts with a decently filmed set-up: Wealthy socialite David Emerson (Kinski) is in court, being sentenced for murder (of his estate's gardener, we later find out), while his twin brother Richard and the rest of his family look on. The contorted Kinski face is frozen in freeze-frame while screaming "I'm not guilty" before a quick cut to the cheesiest looking credits you'll ever see: Blood dripped lettering superimposed over "horror" scenes yet to come (shots of skeletons, screaming faces, etc.). They have a sour and moldy Hammer-horror visual quality that's incredibly

tacky. Watch them more than twice and throw up.

Dave is placed in a mental asylum (which happens to be a convenient four miles away from the family's estate,) under the tutelage of the suspicious Dr. Mangrove (!), but with the help of an unknown accomplice, Dave escapes and heads for home. Passing himself off as his brother Richard (who conveniently disappears), Dave sets out to find the real murderer, with the help of the local police who become convinced of his innocence when the family's legendary cloaked "Blue Hand" phantom starts prowling about the place, knocking off assorted relatives and busy bodies.

Spying butlers, evil medical attendants, snakes, rats, noxy nurses, and "Mr. Big" all figure into what turns out to be a ridiculously complex and unbelievable inheritance scheme, with the "Blue Hand" (named for the family's heirloom armor gauntlet, with retractable knives for fingers) and "Mr. Big" finally unmasked in a 5 minute drawing room finale that (supposedly) explains all of the plot threads.

But the most undeveloped thing on display is a peek inside Dave's psyche. His bedroom is decorated with mannequins hanging from nooses and with daggers protruding from their backs-and he's the sane one! Who knows?

Other meaningless incidentals worth watching for are the four fat oom-pah crew-cut orderlies who take on a detective near the end, and the doctor's hidden wall safe, where he keeps a boa constrictor. Who knows? Maybe it was just hiding.

Parts of the problem may be that the U.S. distributor is to blame for cuts-the film runs only 73 minutes (the original ran 87 minutes). Most of the time I spent wondering which of the

ENORME SUCCESSO AL

DELLE PALME

EDGAR WALLACE



L'ARTIGLIO BLU

ALDO KINSKI | MARCO LEIPNIZ | CLARA CORNEL | CARL LANGE | EASTMANCOLOR

Regia: ALFRED VÖHRER | Distribuzione: RINATO FILM

Orario spettacoli: 17 - 18,45 - 20,30 - 22,30
VIETATO AI MINORI DI 14 ANNI

female extras Kinski slept with.

EMANUELLE IN AMERICA

DIRECTED BY JOE D'AMATO

REVIEWED BY CRAIG

LEDBETTER

When I think of Joe D'Amato, (real name Aristide Massaccesi) I think of him as a soft-core sex director. Except for one or two, none of his horror films are very memorable. D'Amato's soft-core (and the few hard-core efforts I've seen) films aren't very memorable either, but he's done so damn many that it's the genre I associate him with. If you've seen **EMANUELLE IN AMERICA**, on the Wizard Video label here in the U.S., you would lump it into the lame, Black Emanuelle series along side **EMANUELLE AROUND THE WORLD**, **EMANUELLE'S DAUGHTER**, and **EMANUELLE IN BANGKOK**.

It's entertaining shit, but shit nonetheless. Well folks, the one I'm reviewing runs 100 minutes and could just as well have been titled **PORNO HOLOCAUST** (a title found on another D'Amato film, but I've not seen it.) Why? Because this version (out on the Venezuelan video label Telehobby International) contains both hard-core porno and gore sequences as rough as anything in **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**. Yet, with all the Euro-"experts" parading around these days (I'm excluding folks like Tim Lucas and Steve Bissette, both of whom I consider my mentors), no mention of this film's power to shock has ever reached print.

Why is this film so shocking? One giveaway is discovering that Maurizio Trani, the SPFX

maestro of **DR. BUTCHER, M.D.** (aka **ZOMBI HOLOCAUST**), performs those same duties on this film. Since when did you need such a powerful technician on an innocuous sex film with Laura Gemser? I'll get to that but let me recap the plot for all those who care.

Emanuelle (Laura Gemser) is a newspaper photographer who is sent to places all over the world to uncover scandals of every description (so why does the film open with Gemser shooting nude photo layouts?). Right away the title of the film is suspect since most of the time she's not even in this country but places like Venice, the Caribbean, and South America. I know, "insignificant" details like that are not supposed to be noticed. After curing her boyfriend's impotence (a blow job is just the trick for that), off she goes to a private island run by the mysterious VanDeren. He has a harem that he uses to please not only himself, but important visitors as well. Emanuelle meets a Duke from Italy (played by Mr. Laura Gemser aka Gabriele Tinti) who comes across as a very moral individual. Meanwhile, VanDeren begins with the evenings entertainment by allowing his guest to witness a sex scene between one of the harem girls and a horse. Though not actually performed (thank God), Pedro the Horse gets a hand job that never made it into the U.S. version. The dubbing used to simulate the horse reaching orgasm, will have you rolling on the floor (and if that doesn't do it, dialogue like, "Yes Pedro, I heard your call", certainly will). One of the harem girls even comments, "She's so lucky," during the bestial act!

One nice surprise was discovering Lorraine De Selle (**MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY, SS EXPERIMENT CAMP, VACANZA PER UN MASSACRO**) in a small role as one of VanDeren's harem girls who gets to have a steamy sex scene with Gemser. Gemser

leaves with the Duke (she beat VanDoren in poker and so bought her freedom) and returns with him to Venice. She meets Laura (Paola Senatore, a once respected actress whose career degenerated even lower than this film), the Duke's wife. Turns out Laura and the Duke need the involvement of a third party before they can kick-start their own sexual desires, so Emanuelle is once again in the right place at the right time. That night a party given by the Duke degenerates rather quickly into a huge orgy—cueing more hard-core footage and allowing Emanuelle to move on. She returns to America briefly and meets with her photographer boyfriend Bill before moving on to the Caribbean.

Playing a society matron, she visits a sex club for bored, rich old cronies (herself being the obvious exception). Even though this entire sequence is just an excuse to insert more hardcore sex footage (and hey, isn't that Boris Lugosi playing Tarzan to an old hag's Jane, during said footage?), it is here that Trani's talents are first used. Emanuelle spies a couple making love while a film is being projected onto a screen in front of them. The footage is from a homemade snuff film—and Emanuelle is quickly sickened by it. Folks, this is rough stuff. If I didn't know better, I'd swear D'Amato actually took women to South America and had them tortured and killed while he

filmed it. Using all the tricks Deodato used in **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** (such as chaotic hand-held camera work, washed out color, and a very spicily overall look), makes you think you're seeing the real thing. Had these sequences been seen in America, D'Amato would have been featured on **AMERICA'S 10 MOST WANTED** TV show. Atrocities such as a woman having her breast blow-torched, another being choked to death during anal sex, and third getting nonchalantly shot in the head after having her ass branded by a hot iron reveal all that's scary about this type of exploitation. She manages to escape this island in time to return to America and meet with her newspaper editor. Emanuelle discovers that the murders committed in the film were covered up by the police, who stated that they were the results of unspecified revenge-type killings. With the help of an ex-cop, Emanuelle meets the man responsible for these films. He's a Senator (played by Roger Browne, an actor who starred in dozens of muscle man and spy films during the 60's), who, after meeting (and of

course screwing) Emanuelle, drugs her and carts her off to South America so she can witness the actual filming of the torture/death camp movies.

Halt aware of what's going around her, once again D'Amato's grainy imagery combined with Trani's very



realistic make-up, leaves both the viewer and Emmanuelle shocked by what they see. A huge meathook is inserted into a woman's crotch. This is attached to a device that tightens it beyond her endurance (like something out of a South American remake of **MARK OF THE DEVIL**). A large open ended dildo is shoved down a woman's throat and then steaming hot liquid is poured into it. Yet another victim has each breast cut off with a long machete and the most horrific image of all: one of the torturers is so exhausted from all the carnage he has inflicted, he has to stop and wipe the sweat from his face before he can continue--talk about the banality of evil!

Rumor has it that David Cronenberg, after having seen this film (more specifically the "snuff" footage), was inspired to make **VIDEODROME**. Even if it isn't true, I could certainly believe it.

After showing her editor more photographic evidence, he informs her that their publisher has killed the story (the Senator has friends all over it seems). She promptly quits and runs off with boyfriend Bill to a "deserted" island. Incredibly enough, D'Amato introduces a tribe of natives, who, in the tradition of step-in-latchit, shuffle around and bug out their eyes for the camera. Has the man forgotten those disturbing images so quickly? Does he have no respect for his audience? Say it ain't so, Joe.

D'Amato is a hack and for me, unlike other hacks (Lanzl, Carmineo, etc) can't even find a genre he's good at. Except for his first directorial effort (**DEATH SMILES ON A MURDERER**), he's never come close to making a decent film (**BURIED ALIVE** has its moments, but that's all). His obsession with Laura Gemser (or is it a matter of economics) is mystifying. She has all the sex appeal of a booger. I feel sympathy for anyone who has to perform a sex scene with

her. Those bony ribs and hips are bound to cause permanent injury. During these scenes, she displays all the reactions of someone who is heavily sedated. Christ, Pedro de Horse showed more enthusiasm! Even with all my carpings, it's those scenes of hand-held torture and death that haunt me every time I wander back to this film. It contains some of the most disturbing sequences I've ever seen and yet, no one even knows it exists.

TRAUMA

DIRECTED BY ALBERTO NEGRIN
REVIEWED BY JOHN MARTIN

This is a movie that I've wanted to see for years, ever since I caught an incredible trailer for it on the VHS video release of **ANTHROPOPHAGOUS BEAST** (that's **THE GRIM REAPER** to you yanks), which managed to pack in a punch-up on board a speeding roller-coaster, a cop storming around a girls' school ranting "somebody with a cock THIS BIG raped Angela Rousseau and throw her in the river!", and ample shots of schoolgirls taking showers. Just when I'd given up on ever seeing the thing, In-House Movies re-released it as **VIRGIN TERROR**, in a sleeve which matched that title for tackiness.

The action kicks off with the unfortunate Angela Rousseau tuning up as a mutilated floater. "Her lower abdomen has been torn apart by an instrument that was anything but sharp" intones the solemn coroner, "This is the responsibility of someone with a highly developed sense of perversion." Hard-boiled, trench-coated cop Salvo (Fabio Testi) begins his enquiries at Angela's alma mater, St. Theresa's school for girls, which involves him

shouting the aforementioned gem at the bemused staff and pupils, instantly endearing himself to those of us who suffered a Catholic education. Three of those pupils, Angela's best friends and St. Theresa's answer to "Heathers," are up to weird shit, convening midnight dorm meetings where they pass around notes that read "Run towards the dark shadow and your deepest desires will come to meet you: Nemesis." They also seem to have indecent amounts of cash to throw around. Salvo finds a cat symbol marked against certain dates in Angela's diary, and spots the same symbol on a poster advertising jeans, which leads him to a clothes store whose manager is the organizer of a schoolgirl prostitution ring ("Rich, influential men pay well for teenage favors").

This discovery is followed in quick succession by the fire-bombing of Salvo's caravan, a motor-bike chase, a blow-pipe attack on a horse, an impressionistic soft-focus orgy, a rather nasty abortion sequence, Salvo's boss jumping off a dam (rendered by the descent of a particularly unconvincing mannequin) after being implicated in the prostitution ring. Salvo roughing up a suspect on board the roller-coaster, and the revelation that Angela's young sister, Emily (Niccolotta Elmi?), has been trying to kill off the girls who led Angela astray. She cripples one girl by leaving marbles on a darkened staircase and is on the verge of strangling her in a hospital when Salvo intervenes. He lets young Emily off, hopefully not for the same reason that he spared a shop-lifter he encountered at the beginning of the film (i.e. to get her into bed).

Negrin's film, at least in its **VIRGIN TERROR** incarnation ("ED.NOTE: VT IS MISSING 8 MINUTES OF FOOTAGE") is a minor addition to the nude giallo cycle that leaves too many loose ends untied for its own good, e.g. did Emily actually kill anybody? And just what was all that black shadow stuff

about? Nevertheless I'm reluctant to come down too hard on it until I've ascertained exactly what was excised to comply with Britain's draconian Video Recordings Act. The heavy hand of the censor has certainly maimed Negrin's most stylish moment (one he's lifted from Argento's **CAT O'NINE TAILS**), in which the director rapidly intercuts close-ups of the killer's eye with long-shots of showering school girls. Such interference drastically compromises the film-maker's art, not to mention denying ETC readers the cheap thrills they crave.

INSANITY

DIRECTED BY GERMAIN

LEMONTINE

REVIEWED BY PAUL MERRITT

INSANITY is on Mogul Video. I've noticed many imported films on Mogul seem to be what I call, "Talking Head Films." What you get are loads of scenery and loads of people gabbing endlessly at one another. After awhile this is like watching paint dry.

INSANITY is no exception to this rule. The film stars Terence Stamp, an often brilliant actor, here he is wasted in a thankless part. The beautiful, but rather vapid, Corinne Clery is his co-star. The only other main actor in this cast is Fernando Rey (another fine actor often seen in thankless roles).

I will not bother you with a detailed synopsis of this idiot plot. Suffice it to say that Stamp plays a world-weary scriptwriter obsessed with a beautiful stripper. She revitalizes his creative side and he bases a screenplay on her. They also have an affair. Stamp calls in a friend to help polish up his script. Stamp's fiancée shows up. The stripper's dad shows

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up. There is a death. Stamp is devastated, etc. You've seen it all before.

People basically talk, drink (or eat), and drive cars around in this movie. The sex scenes are taped. The writing is deadly dull. There is an overabundance of clichés. Stamp goes to the stripper's club every night and gets rebuffed. However, when he follows her to her "secret place" (where she swims) she makes love to him instantly and boringly. How many times have we seen variations on this bit.

Another big cliché is the cynical friend who polishes the script. He is introduced as a money-hungry drunk who makes a clumsy pass at the stripper behind Stamp's back. However, her magic changes him. He becomes a "sensitive guy". In a laugh-filled sequence he staggers into her room, not to grope, but to warn of "THE EVIL" in this house. "You must leave", he sturs. "Why?", she asks. "Because of THE EVIL and before it's too late." Too late for what? This is really lame stuff.

The scenery is lovely and Francis Lai has provided this film with a much better score than it deserves. These are the only pluses the film has.

Don't waste your time.

MATADOR

DIRECTED BY PEDRO

ALMODOVAR

REVIEWED BY DALE PIERCE

The opening shots of this film, showing banderas jacking off to decapitation scenes from horror movies leads one to believe this will be a gore-fest to end all gore-fests, but

the film does not follow through. Instead, you have a plot combining **PSYCHOPATHS IN LOVE** with **THE BRAVE BULLS**. While the film should go over well enough with American audiences (simply because it is different from the norm) reaction was mixed to the movie in Spain. It was reportedly disliked by bullfight fans because of a minimal amount of actual bullfighting footage and disliked by die-hard horror fans who felt it lacked the continual violence needed for a good gory horror film. Still, **MATADOR** isn't bad, with a noteworthy performance by Banderas as the calm, unrattled killer of bulls turned killer of women. Cobo and Serrano also do their parts well, as does newcomer Nacho Martínez.

The story surrounds three people; a matador forced from the bullring due to a goring, one of his students (an aspiring bullfighter who confesses to a string of murders he did not commit), and his female attorney. A strange triangle develops when it becomes obvious the confessed killer faints at the sight of blood (it is curious then, how he could have ever become a matador himself or been involved with the bullfights, something the screenplay neglects to note) and has admitted to killing four people (two men, two women) simply to gain attention for himself. The real culprits are the matador, who kills women groupies, and (to add an extra twist) the female attorney who kills matadors. Once the two killers realize what is going on, they confess to each other, form a death pact, and die while engaging in sex, ritualistically killing each other. In the end, the bodies are found embracing each other, the matador stabbed to death, his female counterpart shot. When the two psychosexual killers met, they decided the ultimate act of orgasm would be achieved while killing each other.

In all, the concept of a killer matador could have been handled a whole lot better than in this script, but the acting makes the movie

worth watching. As noted, Banderas plays a chilling lead, while his supporting cast all play their parts well. Having lived in Spain and knowing the Spanish people well, I can easily see how the plot, which may seem farfetched, might even be conceivably realistic. One noteworthy, shuddering moment comes not during the killings, but when the matador and the attorney are going off to kill each other. As he stops the car and buys flowers for his newly found psycho-lover, the vendor offers to read his palm. Without a word, she draws back after looking at it and knowing she has seen pending death, the matador looks at her with a slight grin, winking and silently going back to his car, as if to say, "Yes, you got it right. I'm going to die."

Okay, so it isn't a typical bulitght film in the line of **BLOOD AND SAND** or **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH**, nor a typical horror film like those done by Molina, de Ossorio, Argento, or Franco. It's still worth seeing, at least once, even if to simply observe the Banderas role, which unlike the giggling, leering Looney-Tunes' killers of other films, offers a cold, egotistical maniac who seems to sincerely believe he has done nothing wrong, in killing females.

One other bit of irony is the use of the title, which Americans might miss. The word matador means "killer" in translation, not "bulitghter," thus the term could apply to a matador de toros, a killer of bulls, or a murderer. In this case, it implies both.

OPERATION GANYMEDE

DIRECTED BY RAINER ERLER
REVIEWED BY JOHN THONEN

Oddly structured and probably anti-science

and space exploration, this German production is nonetheless of interest thanks to a consistently solid storyline and a fine ensemble cast. Instead of the expected European emphasis on very dramatic acting and oppressively atmospheric mood, this film opts for an almost documentary styled approach dominated by cinema-verite styled camera-work.

The storyline deals with the attempts of a space ship crew to make it back from an ill fated, three ship, internationally based exploration of Jupiter. An opening news broadcast lets us know that all three ships have been out of contact with Earth for over 18 months (the round trip is nearly a five year journey) and that all are presumed lost. The film then jumps forward several more years and joins the crew of the one surviving vessel as they approach Earth and an expected rendezvous with a space platform.

Unlike most space oriented films, particularly those made stateside, this one offers little in the way of story stealing special effects. All of the space shots are real life footage and the scenes within the ship are cramped and realistic. Several weightless sequences are the best I've seen in any film.

No contact can be established with Earth, there is no space platform to be found and the ship is nearly out of fuel and air. With little in the way of options the crew decides to make a splash down landing in the ocean and hope for the best. Once down, they manage to make it to land but find only a seemingly endless expanse of desert before them, and no real hint of where on Earth they may be. The remainder of the film details their struggle to cross the arid wasteland and their growing fears that they may have returned to an Earth devastated by some catastrophe.

The film's only effects sequences come from

recurring flashbacks that one of the crew suffers. These flashbacks are used much in the style of a mystery film's clues to gradually reveal what happened to the crew on Ganymede (a moon of Jupiter). It's a strange and sometimes confusing device that eventually becomes dramatically effective as more of the events are revealed.

The film's cast is universally excellent. DAS BOOT star Prochnow gets top credit on the video box but there is no real dominate character. Dubbing is very good with an unusually good job being done on the dialogue. Ultimately the film is a pretty effective anti-space exploration diatribe. The message would seem to be one of the futility of men sacrificing their lives in order to achieve some intangible piece of knowledge. There are problems, mysteries, and adventures waiting to be met here on Earth and we have no business seeking more in the stars.

It's not a message that I can personally agree with but I have to admire the effectiveness of its delivery in this film.

PHANTOM OF DEATH

DIRECTED BY RUGGERO

DEODATO

REVIEWED BY JEFF DOUNG

Ruggero (CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST) Deodato, offers an interesting film about a renowned pianist named Robert Domenici (Michael York) who discovers he has a rare disease, Progeria, which causes him to rapidly, prematurely age (and in his case,

become an insane killer). First, he notices that he's losing hair while in public washroom. A stranger kids him about it and Robert "good humorously" responds in kind by bashing in the guy's head against the washbasin. As his condition continues to worsen, along the way, he comes in contact with a little boy also suffering from the same disease (who looks like a bald-headed version of the fit-munching zombie child in BURIAL GROUND) deepening Robert's terror and anguish over his own similar fate. After committing several bloody murders, including a lamp shade fixture jammed into the throat of a pretty prostitute, the film turns into a suspense thriller (?) as a cat and mouse game ensues between Robert and the police inspector (played by the



indefatigable Donald Pleasence). At first the inspector thinks he's searching for the killer who's an old man, as he's continually taunted by Robert, who threatens to kill the determined inspector's own sweet innocent daughter. Eventually it appears that the inspector has given up when one of his own female police officer's slain; however, it turns out that the inspector's in hot pursuit of the deranged murderer as the increasingly deteriorating Robert tries to find and kill his paramour, (Edwige Fenech) who's pregnant with his child. As the film proceeds, the viewer is placed in the position of feeling both pity and horror for Robert's condition/evil intentions. In the last scene where Robert, in agonizing slow motion finally succumbs, he utters his last words, "They say that death is God's cruellest joke-but not for me" and dies. For him Death is a welcome friend.

The film seemed to end suddenly, with the credits rolling over the last frozen shot making one wonder if there was actually a more "complete" ending (even if only a minute more).

One small personal criticism with the movie is that towards the end, it loses some of its suspense, as it's hard to believe that any harm can be done by Robert, who can barely walk, and looks like a combination of David Bowie in *THE HUNGER*; Dustin Hoffman in *LITTLE BIG MAN* and Johnathan Frid in *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*, and sounds like the slobbering voice of John Hurt in *THE ELEPHANT MAN*. Another negative point is that most of the murders are cut short, without any music accompanying the scenes for added impact, so one wonders why Deodato bothered to show such scenes (unless the film was cut).

For those viewers (like myself) who prefer the more explicit operas of violence from the Italians, they may be slightly disappointed;

however, there are two murder scenes worth noting. The opening murder is a flashback that Robert experiences in which (it is later revealed) a pretty blonde doctor has informed the pianist of the hopeless rare disease, and he shows his thanks for the prognosis with a sword right in the jugular. The rapid cutting and camera work here is reminiscent of the den murder of Eros Pagni (Giordani) in *DEEP RED*. However, the more impressive murder follows. In it, the victim is a love interest of Robert's, sensually portrayed by Carola Stagnaro (*TENEBRAE*, *OPERA*). Here the director provides us with the standard formula of a false danger, temporary relief and the quick shock as Stagnaro is killed in a subway station. She's stabbed in neck and then pushed head first through a glass window as a torrent of blood gushes out, along with the shattered glass (all photographed in slow motion), ending with the final shot of the girl's lifeless head, bringing to mind all those similarly orchestrated set-pieces in Argento's films. I wish the rest of the murder scenes could have sustained this degree of intensity.

Aside from the above, there are other nice touches: The hauntingly beautiful classical piano music by Pino Donaggio (which is a marked contrast from the music usually used in these types of movies), a visit by Robert to Venice during Carnival- amidst silent masked figures in costumes with he himself donning a *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*-ish disguise as he visits his mother, Caterina Boratto, who played one of the perverse story-telling madames in Pasolini's *SALO*, Michael York's British accent, and Edwige Fenech's gentle beauty (she looks more sophisticated now than in her previous ingenue roles in the 70's [i.e. *FIVE DOLLS FOR AN AUGUST MOON*, *DAY OF THE MANIAC*, *NEXT VICTIM*, etc]);-all this works to make the film more classy and stand above the usual fare.

Donald Pleasence gives a very subdued,

controlled performance (very different from his detective character in **NOTHING UNDERNEATH**) Michael York, who can always be counted on to give a good performance, does so here. He is really able to make the viewers empathize with his character when he expresses his maddening hatred of the "young" for all their years ahead and the "old" for their desperate clinging onto life. With so much inferior garbage available, this film is worth a look.

REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE

DIRECTED BY JEAN ROLLIN
REVIEWED BY MARSHALL
CRIST

Two youths, Marie (Marie-Pierre Castel) and Michele (Mireille D'Argent) are on the run because of a murder they have committed. After a series of minor adventures, they encounter a castle crawling with sadists (vampires, humans, and in-between). Controlled by the head vampire (who's powers are fading), the girls are forced to seek victims and undergo a sexual initiation

ceremony. Finally, the two are able to escape and the old vampire finds his "requiem" in a crypt with one of his female followers.

REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE represents a high water mark in the career of French lesbian vampire specialist, Jean Rollin. Relatively accessible to mainstream sex and horror audiences, the film is also as weird and raunchy as any of the director's others which have made it to this country. Heavily cut (by at least 17 minutes) for U.S. drive-ins, it found release here as **CAGED VIRGINS** (and **DUNGEON OF TERROR** on Best Video). While the abbreviated version is useful to the non-French speaker, Rollin (and softcore) fans will prefer this uncut edition, which restores many scenes containing the director's peculiar nuances.

Unlike even some of Rollin's best works, **REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE** is pitched at an action packed pace. In a knowing nod to commerciality, it begins with a car chase. We are introduced to our two protagonists who alternate between clown costumes and mini-skirts. The leads are as nubile as ever, and the sex as kinky and explicit. Aside from the initiation scene, which is a bit long even in the U.S. version, the momentum and constant barrage of outrageous visuals rarely lets up. At the core

CAGED VIRGINS

of the film is its fetishistic imagery (there's virtually no dialogue in the first half). The two girls run through a gauntlet of men's magazine scenarios: motorcycle riding, sadomasochism, coquettish seduction, and gun play—the list is a long one. Rollin once again returns to the theme of innocence defiled by barbarism, with a curious twist: the two girls have compassion only for each other, and the antagonist winds up being the most benevolent character.

While the enthusiastic score is from Rollin regular Pierre Raph, the cinematography is by first-time Rollin collaborator Renan Polles, whose images could be looked upon with equal sincerity as either rushed or energetic. In any case, it is a divergence from the director's usual languid style. The list of familiar cast members is long and includes the two leads Dominique, Louise Dhour, and Paul Biedigila in yet another amusing cameo (this time as Minnie D'Argent's victim). In part, it is perhaps this sense of implied friendship created by the constant re-teaming of these same actors that, for me, makes Rollin's early films acutely enjoyable, with his later ones more emotionally remote.

In any case, this is probably Rollin's scariest film, despite occasionally flouting its meager budget. (The castle sports a guard rail to keep clumsy tourists from falling, and there is no effort made to conceal this fact). There are plenty of hooded skeletons and colored lighting gels to keep the spooky atmosphere going, and the editor gets in some good shock cuts. One such moment, edited from the U.S. print, takes place when the girls first meet the ancient vampires, and will delight fans who have suspended their disbelief, while sending all others into uncontrollable hysterics. But then, this is true of most of Rollin's films.

SANGRE DE VIRGENES

DIRECTED BY EMILIO VIEYRA

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL SECULA

Gustavo desires Ofelia, but refused to meet with her family or disclose his reason why. Ofelia's parents, understandably suspicious, disapprove of the relationship, favoring Eduardo who adores Ofelia and wishes to marry her. Ofelia gives Gustavo one last chance to earn their approval, otherwise she will be wed to Eduardo. Gustavo remains adamant, adding that she will never leave him. On the day of the wedding, Ofelia hesitates before saying "I do" upon seeing Gustavo outside the window, but the vows are ultimately exchange. That night, as Eduardo and his new bride are in bed, Gustavo enters and stabs Eduardo through the neck with a dagger before the marriage can be consummated. Revealing himself to be a vampire, Gustavo claims Ofelia with his bite. He next appears at her grave, which magically unearths, and Ofelia exits her coffin and walks off into the night with Gustavo.

Years later, a group of young couples on vacation are stranded in that region when their tour bus runs out of gas. Although their tour guide cautions against it, the group seeks shelter for the night in the house of the murdered newlyweds, which the locals believe to be haunted. The deserted house is quite accommodating; and after warming themselves by the fireplace, Raul leaves the others and goes to the kitchen in search of food. Instead he encounters a strange servant (seen earlier in the household of Ofelia's family). "I didn't think there was anybody in the house," explains Raul. "There is nobody," replies the servant, who then provides a meal for the intruders. Later, Raul

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA ■

is unable to sleep and leaves his girlfriend, Laura, with the rest of the group while he sets off to explore the house. In the master bedroom, he encounters Olalla, who tells him of her sad existence as a condemned soul. They make love; while unknown to Raul, Gustavo is already in the process of vampirizing his female companions.

The next morning, Raul awakens alone. The tour guide has returned with fuel, but the girls

think...it is the servant who answers), and a doctor is sent to his room. The doctor is Gustavo. He stares hypnotically at Laura, and gives Raul some pills to be given to her. When Laura becomes delirious during the night, ranting of blood, Raul calls the (real) desk clerk, but is informed that he is mistaken — there is no physician on duty at the hotel. It is then that he notices the two small puncture wounds on Laura's neck.

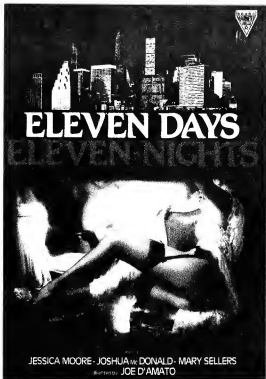


are nowhere to be found. While driving to town to enlist the aid of the authorities, they spot another car being driven by the mysterious servant, which eludes them. The police have no record of the license plate, and their search for the missing girls is fruitless.

Returning to town, Raul is shocked when Laura appears in his hotel room gravely ill. He phones the desk clerk (or so he

The police discover another girl from the group, Beba, barely alive. Her boyfriend, Tito, discounts Raul's theory of vampires as nonsense, but he begins to have doubts when the women continue to lose blood in spite of receiving transfusions. Ultimately, Tito returns to the house at night where he finds Olalla waiting in the bedroom. She genuinely wishes to be freed from her accursed state (having earlier lamented to Gustavo that her very existence makes her an unwilling

THE FILMS OF ARISTIDE MASSACCESI





DIRTY LOVE

with: VALENTINE DEMY
Directed by: JOE D'AMATO - Produced by: FILMIRAGE



TOP MODELS

with: JESSICA MOORE
Directed by: JOE D'AMATO
Produced by: FILMIRAGE



A "COMPLETE" JOE D'AMATO (ET AL) FILMOGRAPHY

1973 LA MORTE SORRIDE ALL 'ASSASSINO/DEATH SMILES ON A MURDERER (ARISTIDE MASSACCESI) ■ DIARIO DI UNA VERGINE ROMANA/DIARY OF A ROMAN VIRGIN (AM) ■ PUNGI, PIRATI, E KARATE/FISTS, PIRATES, AND KARATE (MICHAEL WOTRUBA) ■ NOVELLE, LICENZIOSE DI VERGINI VOGLIOSE/LICENTIOUS TALES OF LUSTING VIRGINS (MW)

1974 EROI AL INFERNO/HEROES IN HELL (MW) FORCE VIDEO

1975 GIUBBES ROSSE/RED COAT (JOE D'AMATO) ■ EMANUELLE E FRANCOISE LE SORELLINE/EMANUELLE'S REVENGE (JDA) VIDEO GEMS

1976 EMANUELLE NERA: ORIENT REPORTAGE/EMANUELLE IN BANGKOK (JDA) VID-AMERICA ■ EVA NERA/BLACK COBRA (JDA) VIDEO GEMS ■ EMANUELLE IN AMERICA (JDA) VID-AMERICA ■ IL GINECOLOGO DELLA MUTUA/LADIES' DOCTOR (JDA)

1977 VOTO DI CASTITA'/VOW OF CHASTITY (JDA) ■ EMANUELLE, PERCHE' VIOLENZA ALLE DONNE?/EMANUELLE AROUND THE WORLD (JDA) WIZARD VIDEO ■ EMANUELLE E GLI ULTIMI CANNIBALI/TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM (JDA) TWILITE VIDEO

1978 PAPAYA DEI CARAIBI/PAPAYA OF THE CARIBBEAN (JDA) ■ LE NOTTI PORNO NEL MONDO NO. 2/PORNO NIGHTS OF THE WORLD PT. 2 (JDA) ■ FOLLIE DI NOTTE/CRAZY NIGHTS (JDA) ■ DURI A MORIRE/TOUGH TO KILL (JDA) LETTUCE VIDEO ■ LA VIA DELLA PROSTITUZIONE/THE ROAD TO PROSTITUTION (JDA)

1979 IL PORNO SHOP DELLA SETTIMA STRADA/THE PORNO SHOP ON 7TH AVENUE (JDA) ■ BUIO OMEGA/BURIED ALIVE (JDA) THRILLER VIDEO ■ IMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO/IMAGES OF A CONVENT (JDA) ■ ORGASMO NERO/VOODOO BABY (JDA) ■ SESSO NERO/BLACK SEX (JDA)

1980 ANTHROPOPHAGOUS/THE GRIM REAPER (JDA) MONTEREY VIDEO ■ LE NINFOMANIA/BLUE EROTIC CLIMAX (JDA & ALEXANDRE BORSKY) ■ LE NOTTI EROTICHE DEI MORTI VIVENTI/EROTIC NITES OF THE LIVING DEAD (JDA) ■ PORNO EROTIC LOVE (JDA) ■ HARD SENSATIONS (JDA) ■ LABBRA BAGNATE/WET LIPS (JDA & AB) ■ PORNO HOLOCAUST (JDA) ■ SUPER CLIMAX (JDA & AB)

1981 LA VOGLIA/THE CRAVING (JDA & AB) ■ LE EREDITIERE SUPER PORNO/SUPER PORNO INHERITANCE (JDA & AB) ■ BOCCA GOLOSA/GREEDY MOUTH (JDA) ■ LABBRA BOGLIOSE/DESROUS LIPS (JDA) ■ SESSO ACERBO/SOUR SEX (JDA) ■ PORNO VIDEO (JDA)

& THERESA DUNN) ■ CALDO PERFUMO DI VERGINE/HOT PERFUME OF
 A VIRGIN (JDA) ■ LE PORNO INVESTIGATRICE/THE PORNO
 INVESTIGATOR (JDA) ■ ROSSO SANGUE/MONSTER HUNTER (JDA)
 WIZARD VIDEO ■ VOGLIA DI SESSO/CRAVING FOR SEX (JDA)
 1982 ATOR L'INVINCIBILE/ATOR THE FIGHTING EAGLE (DAVID HILLS)
 THORN/EMI VIDEO ■ THE BLADEMASTER (DH) MEDIA HOME VIDEO ■
 CALIGULA...LA STORIA MAI RACCONTARA/THE EMPEROR
 CALIGULA (JDA) TWE VIDEO ■ DELIZE EROTICHE/DELICIOUS
 EROTICISM (JDA)
 1983 IL MONDO PERVERSO DI BEATRICE/THE PERVERSE WORLD
 OF BEATRICE (JDA) ■ BRONX LOTTA FINALE/ENDGAME (STEVE
 BENSON) MEDIA HOME VIDEO ■ TEXAS 2000/2020 TEXAS GLADIATORS
 (KEVIN MANCUSO) MEDIA HOME VIDEO
 1984 ORGASMO INFERNALE (JDA & AB)
 1985 L'ALCOVA/THE ALCOVE (JDA) ■ IL PIACERE/THE PLEASURE
 (JDA) ■ VOGLIA DI GUADARE/CRISTINA (JDA)
 1986 LUSSURIA/LUXURY (JDA) ■ BLUE EROTIC ANIMAL JOB (JDA)
 1987 SHARK'S CAVE (JDA) ■ 11 DAYS, 11 NIGHTS (JDA) ■ TOP
 MODEL (JDA)
 1988 COLOR OF LOVE (JDA)
 1989 QUEST FOR THE MIGHTY SWORD (DH)

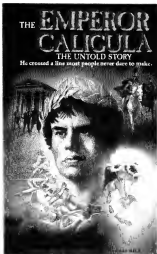
NOTES:

1) An Alan W. Coats directed EMANUELLE IN THE
 COUNTRY/COUNTRY NURSE out on Magnum Video. It is a suspected JDA
 pseudonym.

2) PRISON DANCER (1985) was begun by D'Amato but finished by some other
 Italian hack director. It's out in Venezuela as CAN'T SHAKE THE BEAT.

3) This filmography would not have possible without the aid of Bill Connolly's
 excellent publication, SPAGHETTI CINEMA. \$20 for 5 issues to BC, 6635 DeLongpre, #4
 Hollywood, CA 90028.

HORRIBLE



HORRIBLE

EUROGROUP Film presenta

HORRIBLE

regia di James Wan





EUROPEAN TRASH CASSETTES



CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND available from 10TH AVENUE VIDEO. DEADLY OBSESSION available from A.I.P. HOME VIDEO. EMANUELLE'S REVENGE formerly available from VIDEO GEMS. EMANUELLE IN AMERICA formerly available in truncated form from WIZARD VIDEO or uncut from TELEHOBBY INTERNATIONAL (Venezuela). INSANITY formerly available from MOGUL VIDEO, but currently discontinued. MATADOR available from CINEVISTA VIDEO. OPERATION GANYMEDE available from NORTH AMERICAN RELEASING VIDEO. PHANTOM OF DEATH available from VIDMARK VIDEO. RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD available from BINGO VIDEO. TOMB OF TORTURE formerly available from MODERN SOUND VIDEO. TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM available from TWILITE VIDEO. TRAUMA formerly available from WIZARD VIDEO, or currently available in a truncated form under the title VIRGIN TERROR from LETTUCE ENTERTAINMENT VIDEO.

MANY OF THE VIDEO TAPES DISCUSSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE AVAILABLE MAIL-ORDER FROM

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accomplice to his crimes); only this time, her wish is granted by the ghostly form of her dead husband. Eduardo appears in the room as Ofelia and Tito are making love, and offers to her the dagger with which he was murdered by Gustavo. Accepting it, Ofelia walks through the night-shrouded woods toward the crypt. She opens Gustavo's coffin and plunges the knife into his heart; then turns the dagger upon herself, committing suicide.

The story ends with Raul, Tito and the again-healthy girls observing the cremation of Gustavo and Ofelia. The two coffins are thrust into the flames, and witnesses depart. Inside the crematorium, the mysterious servant opens the furnace and two winged forms fly out. The final image is of seagulls drifting across a blood-red sky.

On the surface, the story might not seem too terribly original; but in this case, appearances are deceiving. What would one expect from a 1968 Argentinean vampire film anyway? At best, something derivative of the Hammer series; at worst, some sort of quasi-Mexican shenanigans. *SANGRE DE VIRGENES* is neither. While it's tempting to compare it to Jean Rollin's vampire films, largely due to its (totally unexpected) abundance of nudity and sex, any such hasty conclusions are refuted by an examination of the film's philosophy. Rollin took the popular image of the vampire as irresistible seducer/seductress and gave us a world where vampirism is treated as some sort of exotic, forbidden sexuality. Vieyra's interpretation is the flipside of that coin. Early in the film, the director goes out of his way to depict the couples as normal, sexually active young people. During the film's long montage of (dated 60's ish) vacationing and party scenes, they are rarely seen not making out. Vampirism here is the death of sexuality; a miserable existence from which Ofelia finds temporary release only through normal sexual relations. The overly familiar images of timid

Victorian virgins transformed by the vampire's bite into ravishing seductresses are totally absent, replaced by once-healthy, normal girls turned into suffering invalids. In this odd little film, sex is equated with purity, while vampirism is treated as a debilitating disease.

That I found this film to be surprising may have less to do with the movie itself than the fact that Argentine cinema is practically unknown here (underscored by the fact that those few reference works which even list Vieyra's films usually misidentify them as Mexican productions). For all I know, it may be typical. Emilio Vieyra is no stranger to fantastic themes, having made at least two other horror films around the same time: *LA BESTIA DESNUDA* and *PLACER SANGRIENTO*, neither of which I've been able to see. Aside from *SANGRE DE VIRGENES* I've seen two of his non-horror films, both of which were decidedly offbeat, but the extent of this filmmaker's career--and indeed, South American horror cinema as a whole--remains a tantalizing mystery. Though by no means a classic, *SANGRE DE VIRGENES* is undoubtedly the tip of an iceberg. Hopefully, more will surface.

THE RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD

DIRECTED BY AMANDO DE
OSSÓRIO

REVIEWED BY STEVE BOGDANY

This is actually the 1973 Spanish film *THE RETURN OF THE BLIND DEAD*, or *EL ATAQUE DE LOS MUERTOS SIN OJOS* for all you bilinguals out there (you know who you are). This is the second in director, Amendo de Ossorio's four film "Blind

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA ■

Dead" series. The first came out in 1971 (**TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD**), the third in 1974 (**HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES** [shown on TV as **SHIP OF ZOMBIES** in an edited version]), and ending in 1975 (with **NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS** [available on tape as **NIGHT OF THE DEATH CULT**]). All involve the medieval Templar Knights, a bloodthirsty bunch whose human sacrifices outraged the common folks of their time so that they killed and burned their eyes out in the process. For newcomers to the series, this is repeated in the opening scene.

Shifting to contemporary times, the villagers are propering to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the Templars downfall. A fireworks expert has been hired to help with the festivities. He runs into an old girlfriend of his, who is now a rich friend of the corrupt men running the town. This provides a romantic subplot, jealousies arise. There's also the village idiot, who seems to be the only one who believes in the Templar legend.

Just as the Knights are being buried in effigy in the town square, the rotting corpse of the original Templars rise from their graves, get on their horses (who apparently also rise), and ride in slow motion towards the festival. As in the other installments, the slow moving corpses in their filthy robes and hoods are effective, and appear genuinely menacing and eerie. This is what really distinguishes this series of films from, say, Paul Naschy's werewolf outings.

The moldy Knights attack the revelers. Chaos ensues. Broadwords swing. Bloody carnage follows. A small group consisting of the leading characters find refuge in a church, where they first board themselves in, and then plan escape. In one attempt, the idiot and a woman find a secret pasageway exiting from the church. They selfishly refrain from

telling the others. After a lengthy hike through un-derground corridors, they come to the exit, only to be greeted by you know who. Heads do roll.



The mayor, a thoroughly unlikeable character, decides to try to escape by using the only available auto parked just outside the church. To distract the Knights, he coaxes a little girl outside, convincing her that her father is calling, sending her out into the waiting corpses. Of course, when he gets to the car, it won't start, and he gets what's coming to him. As all followers of the "Blind Dead" series know, since the Templars can't see, they find their victims by sound. In a tense scene, our

hero rescues the little girl, very quietly, as the vengeful cadavers mill around them.

In a similar scene at the climax, the three survivors stealthfully make their way through the Templars in the dawn light only to find that the corpses are crumbling into 500 year old dust.

I've got a couple complaints about the film. In two scenes of unnecessary comic relief, the mayor calls the governor for help. The governor, thinking him drunk, ignores him. Also, there are a number of scenes in the video that are very dark, actually making it difficult to see what's happening.

This isn't the best film in the "Blind Dead" series, but it's certainly worth checking out. It also runs the full length of 91 minutes.

TOMB OF TORTURE

DIRECTED BY ANTHONY KRISTYE
(ANTONIO BOCCACC)
REVIEWED BY CONRAD
WIDENER

I have a soft spot for Italian horror films from the 1960's. Guess it's because I saw many of them at local drive-ins as a kid. Although tame when compared to their bloody 1980's counterparts, they are pretty gruesome for their time.

While exploring the castle of the murdered Countess Irene, two girls are attacked by a horribly disfigured man. The ugly guy takes

the girls to the castle's torture dungeon (the Countess must have had some wild parties) and kills them. Their bodies are later found near the castle. Enter Anna Demell, a young woman plagued by nightmares in which she relives the murder of Countess Irene (Anna looks exactly like Irene). Anna's doctor-father feels he can cure her nightmares by taking his daughter to the scene of the crime. During one of Anna's dreams we see how Countess Irene met her grisly demise: she is chased by someone in a suit of armor and is killed by a large lance, shot from a big crossbow. We also learn that the disfigured man is Irene's faithful butler, Bruno. Bruno is beaten over the head by the person in armor and somehow lives! While trying to sort out her problems, Anna meets George Dickson, a reporter investigating the murder of the two girls. Anna and George fall instantly in love, of course. Also involved in the mystery are Raman (he was in love with Irene and wants to find her missing body) and Irene's cousin, Elizabeth (she wants to find her cousin's hidden jewels). Elizabeth looks wild-eyed and acts crazed. Anna has strong doubts about her own sanity when she starts seeing the ghost of Irene floating around the castle. But with the help of her soon-to-be hubby George, Anna is able to unearth the dark secrets of the castle and end her tormented dreams.

The mystery angle in TOMB OF TORTURE just doesn't work. It's so obvious who killed Countess Irene that to have the person's identity hidden by a suit of armor is unintentionally funny. The film's script is another major weakness. Italian horror flicks are not known for creating three dimensional characters, and this outing is no exception. The cast is adequate, though, and that helps. The main fun in TOMB is watching disfigured Bruno lurk through the castle terrorizing folks (the make-up job on Bruno is actually fairly good), and the fine camera work by William

Grace (I doubt that's his real name). The eerie conclusion, in which two rats are the unlikely heroes is also well done. Filmed in sepia-tone (tinted B&W), **TOMB OF TORTURE** is a Richard Gordon presentation.

TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM

DIRECTED BY JOE D'AMATO

REVIEWED BY STEVE BISSETTE

The first of the crossgenre spin-offs, **TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM** was the porn cannibal entry from sleaze director Aristide Massaccesi. **EMANUELLE E GLI ULTIMI CANNIBALE / TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM / EMMANUELLE'S AMAZON ADVENTURE** (1976/77) was one of six **EMANUELLE** exploitation films Massaccesi directed in 1976-77 as 'Joe D'Amato'. These were low-budget entries in a series spawned by the resounding international success of French director Just Jaquin's **EMMANUELLE** (1974). **EMMANUELLE** chronicled the sexual exploits of its libertine heroine (Sylvia Kristel, recreating the role played by Erika Blanc in a tamer Italian version from 1971), including a masturbatory dream orgy set aboard a 747 jet. This showstopper inspired numerous variations in Massaccesi's extension of the series, starring the alluring Asiatic model Laura Gemser (real name: Moira Chen) as the fictional siren, also called 'Black Emmanuelle'. She services an entire soccer team on a train in the earlier series entry **EMANUELLA NERA / BLACK EMMANUELLE** (1976), leaving behind a car filled with exhausted young athletes when she finally debarks, refreshed and ready for more. Though **TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM** exchews such fantasy-gangbang exploits, Massaccesi's superwoman heroine

(again Gemser) uses her sexual prowess to elicit a confession from a cannibal woman (masturbating her in the film's opening), or posing as a water deity to rescue the surviving members of the cast in the ludicrous finale. The polar opposite of Deodato's nominal used/abused/consumed heroine in **THE LAST SURVIVOR**, Massaccesi's Emmanuelle is the most powerful character in his Third World cannibal fantasy, but no less of a sexual object, embodying the Amazonian 'jungle queen' stereotype. Gemser appears in similar 'superwoman' roles in many of Massaccesi's films, including **CALIGULA...LA STORIA MAI RACCONTATA / CALIGULA: THE UNTOLD STORY** (1982, directed as 'David Hills'), where even after being put to death she manages to haunt the infamous Roman tyrant to his grave; though a victim, she remains the most potent character in the film.

Despite the occasional obligatory gore and use of the cannibal trappings, **TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM** cannot be considered a horror film (though the US distributor's decision to sell the film as such, rather than as another entry in the **EMANUELLE** series, is understandable). The film begins with the usual title telling us the following is a true story; a more incredulous claim than usual, given Emmanuelle's presence as photojournalist in this particular adventure. As the film begins she is posing as an inmate to research an expose of the conditions in a New York City mental hospital. When a nurse stumbles down the hallway with her breast torn off, eaten by a (white) female patient who is quickly strait-jacketed and restrained in her bed, Emmanuelle's investigative instincts are aroused. Soothing the woman by masturbating her, Emmanuelle photographs her, and notes an Aztec symbol tattooed on the woman's groin. Returning to her editor, she reports her findings: the cannibal patient was a white girl raised by a supposedly extinct

Amazonian cannibal tribe. Given the scientific importance of such a story (?), Emanuelle and museum curator Professor Mark Lester (Gabriele Tinti, Gamsel's husband and costar of **EMANUELLE IN AMERICA**, 1977) mount an expedition into South America. Lester is a "paleontologist (sic) researching tribal peoples" on the obligatory plane ride to Amazonia, he and Emanuelle discuss the 1972 Andes plane crash survivors and "political cannibals like Idi Amin" before opening the window by their seat to admire the aerial view (III). Accompanied by a nun and her young charge, Isabel, who are en route to a jungle missionary settlement (allowing for a voyeuristic passage as the young girl watches Emanuelle and Lester making love, and Emanuelle indulging in some sensuous genital contact with her after she confesses having seen them) the expedition heads upriver, where Emanuelle is saved from a boa constrictor by grizzled hunter Donald McKenzie (Donald O'Brien, **DR. BUTCHER M.D.** himself). McKenzie and his wife Maggie (Susan Scott) explain that the missionary settlement was attacked by cannibals, and everyone was massacred; accompanied by their black guide (who sexually services horny Maggie, as McKenzie is impotent), they claim to be hunting, but are actually out to recover a cache of diamonds from the wreckage of a downed plane. Amidst the group in-fighting and in-fucking, the cannibals attack: the black is killed by a spiked booby trap, the nun stripped, butchered, and eaten. McKenzie and Maggie find the plane wreck and recover the diamonds, immediately indulging in a quickie (McKenzie is no longer impotent) only to be attacked by the savages, who wound McKenzie and kidnap Maggie for a sacrificial ritual. In their attempts to rescue Maggie, Isabel is also taken, in the climactic makee, Maggie and McKenzie are ritually sacrificed, butchered, and Isabel is raped by the tribal warriors and prepared for fertility sacrifice.

Using flames found in the plane wreck, and painting the Aztec symbol on Emanuelle's belly, Mark and Emanuelle stage the emergence of 'water goddess' to successfully rescue Isabel and escape.

The only novel aspect of **TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM** lies in the sexual escapades typical of the **EMANUELLE** series it emerged from, making quite explicit the male sexual fantasies that always fueled the jungle adventure genre. These sequences (though decidedly softcore in light of the hardcore sexfilm revolution of the 1970's) provide a startling contrast to the already obligatory cannibal mayhem. The mashing of sexual pornography with the decidedly pornographic violence would have been revelatory, were Massaccesi capable of anything more than his usual pedestrian direction (his later necrophelia epic, **BUJO OMEGA / BURIED ALIVE**, 1979, is excessive and obsessive enough to hit the mark). **TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM** is a little more than tedious and routine, though the simulated sexual encounters are occasionally more convincing (and rousing) than the blatantly phoney violence.

The nun's fate (with the unpleasant additional detail of her nipples being carved off), Maggie's brutal death (knived in the crotch), and the subsequent cannibal feasts are rude but pale imitations of Deodato's horrors. McKenzie is tied around the midsection and two groups of cannibals pull the rope in opposite directions, splitting him in two in what should be a harrowing scene; it becomes merely risible, though, capped by a crude matte shot of McKenzie's top half dangling (recalling the laughable peakaboo-through-the-ribcage matte shot in Jack Curtis' **THE FLESH EATERS**, 1964). More convincing is the grainy, black-and-white film Prof. Lester shows to Emanuelle, promising "If you'll come to my house, I'll show you full documentation of

cannibalism" -- a novel come-on line, even in Italian cinema. As clumsily staged as the rest of the violence, the "African footage" supposedly filmed by an anthropologist shows a tribal punishment for adultery. A black woman is decapitated, and her lover is castrated (in lingering slow-motion closeup -- a cannibal movie first), and we are told her eyes are eaten while the women's relatives eat the man's severed penis.

Until the slow-motion dwelling on the castration shatters the illusion, the shaky camera work and gritty black and white cinematography lends an almost documentary believability to the brief sequence that lingers long after the rest of the film is forgotten. There are resonances of the 'Goona Goona' and MONDO films, as if we are seeing footage forbidden by the authorities, a suggestion that will be extrapolated upon with razored intent for **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**.

TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM is a negligible contribution to the cannibal cycle, a meandering, lifeless confection of racist and sexist clichés that unfortunately characterises the majority of the Third World cycle to follow, and the work of director Massaccesi in particular. Like Mario Bava before him, Massaccesi was a cinematographer as well as director, and often shot his own films; unlike Bava, Massaccesi never transcended the sordid content or minimalist budgets he had to work with, nor does his work show any individual artistic vision. As 'Joe D'Amato', Massaccesi continued to direct or supervise Emanuelle spinoffs, porn films, gory low-budget horror films, the vapid **ATOR** fantasies (under the pseudonym 'David Hills'), and genre crossovers like **LANOTTE EROTICHE DEI MORTI VIVENTI / SEXY NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD** (1979). Cannibal activity also figures in his **BURIED ALIVE**, **ANTHROPOPHAGUS** / **THE GRIM**

REAPER (1980, wherein the flesh-eating killer -- played by long-time Massaccesi associate Luigi Montefiore, a.k.a. 'George Eastman' -- devours his own intestines after being disemboweled), and **ROSSO SANGUE / ABSURD** (1981, directed as 'Peter Newton' and again starring Montefiore/'Eastman' as a cannibalistic murderer), none of which are even peripherally Third World cannibal films, though the elusive **VOODOO BABY** (1979) and unproduced **AFRINA, GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE** may belong. Massaccesi's only significant contribution to the horror genre remains his uncredited role as producer of Michele Soavi's remarkable directorial debut, **DELIRIA/ AQUARIUS/ STAGEFRIGHT** (1987, screenplay by Montefiore); as director, only **BURIED ALIVE** is of any interest for its excesses, definitely the most graphically perverse tale of necrophelia committed to celluloid prior to the obsessive explicitness of Johan Vandewoestijne's **LUCKER** (1996) and Jorg Buttgereit's **NEKROMANTIK** (1988).

EMANUELLE'S REVENGE

DIRECTED BY JOE D'AMATO
REVIEWED BY DAVID KEREKES

EMANUELLE'S REVENGE is a Joe (you know all the pseudonyms) D'Amato film, and what's more it catches D'Amato at his finest: lots of weird situations, over-sexed men and over-sexy women. Yes, it's full to the brim with good of Italian excess.

While it is generally considered that D'Amato's work is often a little left of center when it come to comprehension or continuity (which is a polite way of saying that his movies are sometimes wretched and unwatchable), I'll add

that for my money D'Amato matches and often outpaces even Jesus Franco in terms of verve.

When Francoise commits suicide, Emmanuelle, her sister, is convinced that Carlo has driven her to it. Carlo (George Eastman) was Francoise's boyfriend and she was devoted to him. But Carlo has always been something of a playboy, and Francoise comes home one day to find him in bed with another woman.

"It had to happen sooner or later," says Carlo showing Francoise to the door, "take care of yourself."

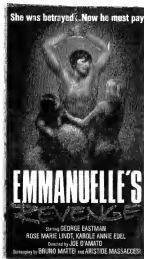
Francoise wanders around town in a state of confusion, finally throwing herself in front of a train.

The movie establishes the fact that Carlo is an utter cad with flashback revelations of how he treated Francoise. Possibly the best of these flashbacks has Carlo playing cards with a couple of friends: he's on a losing streak and so pays off his debt by allowing the other players to gang rape Francoise. Also, a B&W sequence has Francoise performing in a porno picture in what appears to be the payment of another gambling loss.

These flashbacks are a means of drawing our sympathy with Francoise, and justification of Emmanuelle's subsequent avenging of her sister's death. But we really aren't foolish enough to believe that these are the sole reasons for D'Amato to be showing us these flashbacks, are we? Where else in **EMMANUELLE'S REVENGE** could D'Amato squeeze in his scenes depicting Francoise, hell naked? Completely naked? Being Humiliated by Carlo? Being raped by Carlo? Or being gang raped by Carlo's friends?

A chance meeting brings Emmanuelle and Carlo together. Emmanuelle introduces herself to

Carlo but he is unaware that she is Francoise's sister. From here on, Emmanuelle frustrates super-stud Carlo by playing the prick-teaser, bumping into him around town, working his libido up and then leaving him dry.



When Emmanuelle is convinced that she has Carlo where she wants him, she sees to it that they accidentally bump into each other one last time, at a disco.

The disco scene in **EMMANUELLE'S REVENGE** must itself stand as a landmark achievement in D'Amato's often 'slap happy' cinema style. I suppose that when you ten to make as many movies as D'Amato does per

year, you haven't got time for too many subtleties; but here D'Amato takes the cake in having the tempo of the (awful) disco music cut to a slower tempo in order to accommodate a dialogue exchange between Emanuelle and Carlo, and then change back again when it's over. As if that in itself isn't gratuitous enough, everyone in the disco dances to each of the wildly sudden changes in tempo accordingly and without fault!

Rather anticlimactically in light of the surrounding orchestration and topless disco dancers, the dialogue exchange between the couple has Emanuelle making a date with Carlo back at her place.

Later, at her house, Emanuelle drugs Carlo and chains him up in a secret room. The soundproof room has a one-way mirror built into it which enables Carlo to see out over Emanuelle's front room. A hidden key in the front room is the only means by which the cell can be opened and closed.

Once in the cell, Carlo comes round to see Emanuelle doing a striptease on the other side of the mirror. He can only watch helplessly as Emanuelle tantalizingly takes off her dress, her stockings, her underwear. A strange song is played on the soundtrack, the chorus of which seems to be, 'The House With Many Doors.' By now, Carlo is almost begging for Emanuelle, but she has more tricks up her sleeve.

Emanuelle has a car mechanic come into the house for a drink. In front of the mirror she begins to seduce him. She comforts the nervous mechanic by telling him, "Don't worry, there's nobody watching." All that the chained Carlo can do is watch and nurse the hard-on in his trousers.

Everyday, Carlo is given a minimal diet and a constant supply of drugs. We got to see

Emanuelle tease him further with a girl she has picked up at the swimming pool. She makes love to the girl in front of the mirror, and to add insult to injury Carlo recognized the girl as an ex-lover of his.

Emanuelle showcases several other sexual combinations for the hidden Carlo. She even holds a dinner party where, starving and drugged, a hallucinating Carlo looks on. Carlo imagines all the dinner party guests are eating raw meat. He sees them all naked and then sees them breaking into his prison and ravaging him, himself now suddenly naked.

During his humiliating and agonizing sentence, Carlo has been attempting to pick the locks that hold him. As Emanuelle threatens to castrate him before allowing him to go, he finally breaks free. Carlo picks up a meat cleaver and chases Emanuelle round the darkened house. He eventually traps her and kills her, just as sirens are heard approaching outside. A neighbor has alerted the police. Carlo hides in the mirrored cell as the police enter and find Emanuelle's body. As the police are leaving the house, a police photographer inadvertently turns the hidden key, and Carlo - to his horror - finds himself locked inside the soundproof room.

Without doubt, **EMANUELLE'S REVENGE** is one of Joe D'Amato's more accessible movies. Even its give-away disco sequence - in which D'Amato's real priorities in making movies are clumsily revealed - can't deter from D'Amato's uncharacteristic watchable plot. Interesting to note is how several ideas in **EMANUELLE'S REVENGE** would resurface in D'Amato's later movies; most notable of these being the sequence where the towering Eastmen, already sporting his now familiar BUIO OMEGA - like menlecal beard, battles through a darkened house while searching blindly for his captor. You can draw your own conclusions as to why, after

EMANUELLE'S REVENGE, George should figure in D'Amato's movies with roles demanding little or no dialogue at all.

EMANUELLE'S REVENGE is proof that, regardless of his almost agricultural approach to movie making, Joe D'Amato is a craftsman; it shines through in what he does and he shines far too often for it to be dismissed outright. Besides that, I find it impossible not to admire the man who dared show us that there are some people in this world so crazy that they'll gnaw on their own intestines (**ANTHROPOPHAGOUS**), that there are some taxidermists so crazy that they'll make love only to stuffed corpses (**BUIO OMEGA**), or that there are some petty gamblers so immoral and indebted that they'll sell their girlfriend into porno pictures to pay off a lousy debt.



THE VIEW FROM TWIN SHORE

a biased look at European Trash Cinema

BY POMPANO JOE TORREZ

When I was younger, during my college days, we used to go to the Twin Shore Drive-In Theater. It was located south of Miami. Thru Kendall. Left, off Highway 1. Just past the Coral Castle (yes, the same place where Doris Wishman filmed her classic **NUDE ON THE MOON**. Sorry to burst the bubble, the advertising was misleading: it wasn't the first movie filmed in Outer Space. Oh well. Que pasa.).

We were never really sure whether the theater was called "Twin Shore" or "Shore Twin." It was one of those double screen extravaganzas (back to back), especially memorable because it sat right off the Atlantic Ocean. Within a few feet of it. Wow, huh?

The parking area was always filled with creepy, crawling creatures. Especially little sand crabs. Lizards. And turtles. Of course, it was always a good idea to wear shoes to the concessions stand.

And, I remember that sometimes, while watching a movie, the roar of the waves was louder than the soundtrack that squeaked thru the metal boxes. Especially on stormy, windy nights. That's when horror movies were always the best at the Twin Shore. I'll never forget **THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE**. Erika Blanc on the screen. Maria Elena on the seat next to me, very close. And the gusting rain bombarding the rear window, yet miraculously avoiding the front, while the ocean was an endless succession of white caps. 10 ft swells. What a night.

In retrospect, it seems that everything was always damp at Twin Shore.

Even on clear nights, we had to turn on the windshield wipers every few minutes because of the ocean spray. The salt water always left a slight film on the windshield; the whole movie would be a bit fuzzy because of it. Often, there were halos around the characters, never intended by the director (de todas maneras, no es importante). Plus, the twin screens were forever fighting an endless (and finally, overpowering) battle with mildew and fungus.

But Twin Shore Drive-In was really cool. And I used to go there. A lot.

Today, it's overgrown with weeds and tropical plants. There's barely any trace at all that a drive-in theater ever existed. Nothing left. Nada. However, that place, that theater was my 42nd Street. It was my initial romance with European Trash Cinema. There under the Florida stars (and with a million Everglade misquitos) I discovered Deodato, Lenzi, D'Amato, Leone, Argento, Bava, Corbucci and all the rest.

Thank you Twin Shore.

Since those Twin Shore days, a lot has changed. The emergence of the video store has destroyed the drive-in. Eventually, video stores will probably destroy all theaters. But I'll bitch about that some other time.

Really, it's a double edged sword. Who would ever have thought that we would own copies

of obscure movies we used to rave about? Anyway, today, when I watch videos I like to think about those lost nights at the Twin Shore.

And sometimes, I can hear the ocean.
Well, kinda.

Here are five views from the Twin Shore.

LOVE

DIRECTED BY CARLO ROMANO

This is a rare Italian-made documentary that I originally saw under the Spanish title **MONDO DE AMORE CRUEL**, which translates as "World of Cruel Love." And, it definitely paints that type of picture.

Here, you'll find a collection of sordid exposés, loosely tied together by a "shocked" commentator who rants about "the strange ways of love in today's modern world." Remember the sex-change operation (from a man into a woman) that takes place in **SHOCKING ASIA**? Well, here you get to see, in extreme close-up, the opposite operation. One that turns a woman into a man. And it's incredible. We would have been honking our horns at the Twin Shore. But that's not all (!?!). This movie also shows American fighting soldiers from Viet Nam who, upon being discharged, find that they no longer have a "capacity for love." Instead, they have found "solice and compassion" in their pet dogs. And yes, we were actually subjected to an unbelievable copulation scene between a man and his German Shepard.

Plus, there's a gay marriage in Italy, nude beaches in France, anti-drug (yet drug infested) communes in Sweden, penis worshiping in the Far East, white slavery, bondage, X shops, and lots more stuff. **LOVE** is a shockumentary that really does

the job. It's offensive but fascinating. What more could we ask for? *Esta es la buena vida!*

THIS IS AMERICA PT 2

DIRECTED BY ROMANO VANDERBES

Designed for European audiences (apparently there is no English language version available for distribution) this movie pisses me off. **TIA#2** shows "what it's really like in America," but this documentary is so off-base that it makes you want to say: "Wait a minute! What is this shit?"

There is a very thin thread of truth in this film, but most of it is a remarkable smear campaign. We see whore houses for animals, children buying weapons in a gun shop, nude car washes, nuns learning karate to protect themselves in a crime infested city, brute bounty hunters, sexual pastries, "rock star" senators, churches serving cocaine for communion, nudists nightclubs, and entire communities living underground in New York subways.

Plus we're told that the Hells Angels control rural US Highways, that American women go to school to learn how to strip for their mates, and that there are "Death Camps For The Aged" in Southern Florida.

But the most amazing sequence shows a "Brady Bunch type" family sitting around the suburban dining room table **EATING** worms. Yes, we got to watch mom and dad twirl live worms around their forks (like spaghetti) and swallow 'em whole. Junior cuts up the buggers and sprinkles them, still twitching, over his salad. (O Dios! What a treat!) And then we're told that "kids in America love worm shakes." We see young Jennifer drop a bunch of worms into a dispenser that grates, squashes, and mashes the worms into a black lumpy "drink." Yummmmm.

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This is America? It's no wonder that the Continent thinks we're crazy.

THE SAVAGE EYE aka DER WILDE AUGE DIRECTED BY PAOLA CAVARA

This one will make you take a couple steps back, especially if you've ever wondered about how directors get those candidly gross shots for the "mondo schlockumentaries" like LOVE (reviewed above) SAVAGE MAN SAVAGE BEAST, or MONDO MAGIC.

Here is a fictional account of a movie-maker who will do anything to get "the real stuff" on film. Biting and controversial, directed by Paola Cavara who supposedly got the inside scoop during his work with the MONDO CANE/AFRICA BLOOD AND GUTS crew. I guess he should know. And the result is a mesmerizing movie.

The plot: Initially, while on an African vacation, the "movie-maker" (played by Philippe Leroy) tricks his friends into thinking that they are lost, without water, miles from civilization, in order to film their reactions. "We may never be rescued," he yells, "we're on the edge of death." Everybody freaks out, he gets his footage, and then he "saves" them.

Immediately he steals (and seduces) his friend's girl. He takes her (and us) on a cameramen's journey. As they cross continents, we learn how incredibly heartless this filmmaker is. He convinces Buddhist monks in India to set themselves on fire, he "buys" street beggars so he can have them beaten, and he purchases wives from a down-on-his-luck harem master only to degrade them. Eventually he ends in Viet Nam where he incites an uprising that gets

his girlfriend killed.

Of course, he films that too.

EMANUELLE IN AMERICA DIRECTED BY JOE D'AMATO

I admire Joe D'Amato. He has to be the sleeziest of all Italian directors. Quite an honor. Especially in such an over-populated arena. But, Joe has made some real good scare/gore like GRIM REAPER, and some wonderful sick/gore (BURIED ALIVE), plus he even made sexy/gore (EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD) and he gave Cannibal movies a new slant when he took Emanuelle to the Amazon in TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM ("ED NOTE: SEE ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE FOR A COMPLETE D'AMATO FILMOGRAPHY").

But those movies (and many of his others) pale when compared to this slime opus. EMANUELLE IN AMERICA is absolutely one of the most unsettling movies I've seen. And the snuff footage near the end of this film is the roughest (and most convincing) I've ever seen.

Now, there's no reason to say too much more about this film because Craig Ledbetter (yes, the editor of ETC) has written a long review for it in this very issue. And while I agree with most everything he says about the film, I must (yes, MUST) challenge him over his verbal abuse of Laura Gemser.

The following is a message to Craig: "You wrote that Ms. Gemser has 'all the sex appeal of a booger.' Do you need glasses? Or what? Do they let you out of that asylum on weekends? Have you discussed this fixation with your doctor? I don't care if you are the editor of this rag, I worry about anybody who

can't distinguish between nose mucus and a sex queen. What's that you're saying, Craig? Huh? You meant it as a compliment? What?!! You say that mucus is an Italian/Latin word for sleaze or slime (Uuu). Craig, you are truly over the edge.

JOURNEY TO AN UNKNOWN WORLD

DIRECTED BY FLAVIO MIGLIACCIO

Get load of this: A man and his three kids leave Spain for a vacation with relatives in Brazil. After arriving in South America, the kids convince dad that it would be okay for them to go with their uncle into the Amazon. Just a little campout. But, quickly, they get lost.

They stumble upon a flying saucer (!?!). Scared, the uncle and kids run away. Now they are hopelessly lost in an uncharted part of the jungle. Meanwhile, a different relative (perhaps grandfather, but maybe uncle, I'm not sure which) is captured by a robot who has arrived in another space ship.

The robot wants to destroy a nearby peaceful, used-to-be cannibal, native village. At the same time yet another relative (we'll call him #3) has gone to the tribe for help (after all, the kids and uncle #1 are missing), but the natives are thinking about becoming cannibals again. So they give #3 a mind altering drug to keep him passive.

After a series of misadventures with giant spiders and poisonous snakes (including Mondo-type, kill-animals-for-the-camera footage plus some shockingly gratuitous children-in-the-nude scenes), the kids and #1 stumble upon relative #2. Fortunately, the evil robot hasn't seen them. Relative #2 tells them to "hurry off and warn the natives. He can't hold the robot off for long."

#1 and the kids get to the village and try to warn the natives but there's a language problem. Oh no! At this time, the flying saucer lands and two cartoon aliens invite the kids and #1 aboard. When they enter the saucer, they too become animated. ("Look uncle, we've become cartoons!")

The aliens ask for help to conquer the mad robots back on their home planet. Off they all go. The troubles in the Amazon have been put on hold while the Earthlings fight and conquer bad robots on the alien planet.

They return to the Amazon just as the renegade robot is invading the native village. Luckily, now the kids know the secret way to kill a robot so they quickly destroy it. Their father arrives via helicopter and he rescues the kids and uncle #1. Relative #2 decides to return to his secret laboratory (?) in the jungle, and #3 takes over as a new "good" leader of the otherwise used-to-be cannibal tribe. The End.

And no, I didn't make this up. Es verdad.

NEWS FROM SPAIN

BY DALE PIERCE

Look for a weird picture to be coming out from Spain shortly, titled **DALI**, about the life of crazed artist Salvador Dali. The film stars Lorenzo Quinn, the son of Anthony Quinn and is directed by Antoni Ribas. It also marks the return of Spanish actress Emma Quer, who

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starred in some horror films in the early 1980's, the most significant being **CIRCULO MORTAL**, which has not yet been released on video in America but drew well in European theaters. The film deals with Dal's strange personality, which goes beyond that of most screen lunatics and crazies.

Esperanza Roy of **A CANDLE FOR THE DEVIL** and the second of Amando de Ossorio's Templar films, continues to be one of Europe's leading actresses, although she has left the horror field which gained her her first recognition. She now claims over 40 films to her credit and some 20 stage productions, the latter of which has consumed much of her career in the past few years.

For those who buy **WHEN THE SCREAMING STOPS** or rent it, don't be deceived by the box which makes it sound like a slasher film, as it is nothing of the kind, but rather retitled version of Amando de Ossorio's **THE LORELEI'S GRASP**. In itself, the film is one of the better of de Ossorio's works outside of his Templar series, but those renting this expecting to see a nightstalker type of picture will be disappointed. This is a prime example of the video industry underestimating the tastes of horror fans or familiarity with European titles they are eager to see. The company might well have done better releasing the piece under the original title and advertising it correctly rather than trying to pass it off as yet another in the endless chain of crazed killer flicks.

A new director (known mainly for short projects prior to this) Manuel Cusso-Ferrer, has a new film coming out called **ENTRACTE**, but little else is known as of now. Science fiction of some sort presumably. We'll have to wait for an English version or more information. The cast

features Imma Belal, Rosario Flores, Vanessa Lorenzo, Fermi Reixach, and Francois Montague.

Rumors from Spain concerning the death of Amando de Ossorio proved to be false. The director did suffer a heart attack but did not die from it as was erroneously reported in certain papers and is recovering slowly in his Madrid home. Another death, long overlooked by the US press, however, is that of film composer Waldo De Los Rios. His widow, Isabel Paisano, may be seen in Bigas Lunas' under-rated and murky film, **BILBAO**, and in the controversial **HOWLING OF THE DEVIL**.

Joe Ulloa, a director from the Spaghetti Western era and former assistant to Leon Klimovsky, plans to re-enter the world of horror films after finishing up some television projects. Recently, he put out a comedy called **ANDALUCIA CHICA**, which starred horror veteran Victor Israel. Ulloa, like many Spanish personalities, is seeking to cash in on the video craze in America and see his work re-released there.

The feud between Paul Naschy and Salvador Sainz, the latter of whom claims Naschy ripped off his plot for **THE HOWLING OF THE DEVIL** and denied him credit like a real life "Phantom of the Opera," continues to grow even stronger. Sainz got the ultimate insult in, in a recently published book on Spanish horror, by berating what he claimed to be Naschy's constant theft of material from other sources, then ran an obscure photo of Naschy in drag (from a rarely seen comedy called **THE ULTIMATE KAMIKAZEE**). Under this ridiculous picture, that shows Naschy in makeup, lipstick, a dress, and wig, he put the caption, "This is Paul Naschy," with no other explanation, evidently hoping to make the actor a laughing stock. Naschy, known for his ego, would be driven crazier by being made to look foolish than he would by outright criticism,

which was the idea behind it.

Paul Naschy has announced plans for a new werewolf picture. Salvador Sainz too, continues to be active, putting together a book on Buster Keaton and preparing a screenplay **IN THE SHADOW OF HITCHCOCK**. Incidentally, has anyone ever noticed in the werewolf films how Naschy invariably wears the matching black pants and shirt, identical to those worn by Lon Chaney Jr. in his wolfman films? Naschy at least had sense enough to be seen wearing this outfit prior to becoming a wolf, which is, in fact, one of his homages to the old Universal films and Chaney, from whom he took and modernized the werewolf role.





TONY KENDALL

FERNANDO SANCHO ESPERANZA ROY

EL ATAQUE DE LOS MUERTOS SIN OJOS